"Truth Is One, Men Call It By Various Names."
—Rig Veda

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Message of the East

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LIFE IS A SYMPHONY

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MESSAGE OF THE EAST

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Message of the East

"And behold the glory of the God of
Israel came from the way of the East."
—*Ezekiel*
"Light shall come again from the East."
—*Tyndall*

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DREAM AND THE REAL

*by Swami Paramananda**

Arise, my soul! The night is no more.
Why dost thou still cling to the shadows of dream?
Awake, and behold — with the light that dawn has
brought —
The truth of thy life is not as thou bethought.

But the dream is real; dream is sweet,
For it was in dream I first saw that my soul exists.
When the lights were out, and my limbs lay asleep,
Motionless and still, I saw a luminous something
That I cannot define.

It rose from my body in the form of a lamp,
And yet, as I saw it, it was not a lamp;
It had no form, no wick, no oil,
And yet it was a light — a glowing light —
That did not flicker, even in storm.

I followed this new apparition —
For what else could I call this formless reality?
I saw my body lying dead, and I in anguish
To come back would revive it, but in vain.
This light held me back by its magic strength,
As an iron nail is held by a magnet.

*This unpublished writing was recently found among the Swami's papers.

It rose higher and higher, and travelled from
sphere to sphere,
Through rain, storm, heat and cold, undaunted
and unaffected.
At last it entered a burning fire and my heart
almost fainted with fear,
But it did not perish and I, who followed it like a
shadow,
Did not feel the burning pain.
What I saw in dream, now I know is Real.

KINSHIP OF IDEALS

If it be true that nature is uniform throughout, if it be true, and so far no human experience has contradicted it, that the same method under which a small grain of sand is created, works in creating the gigantic sun and stars, and all this universe, if it be true that the whole of this universe is built on exactly the same plan as the atom, if it be true that the same law prevails throughout the universe, then, as it has been said in the Vedas, "Knowing one lump of clay we know the nature of all the clay that is in the universe."

— *Swami Vivekananda*

We know enough about the atom — now it's time for intelligent men everywhere to develop spiritual values. Americans must halt their pursuit of more technical knowledge and devote their time to the elimination of war by turning from things of the mind to things of the spirit. — *Mabel Rockwell*

The stream of knowledge is heading towards a non-material reality; the universe begins to look more like a great thought than like a great machine.

— *Sir James Jeans*

REINCARNATION AND SALVATION

by Swami Paramananda

The veil that exists between this life and the life which we enter at the end of our physical manifestation is very thin, and it grows thinner as we approach it with understanding; while through misunderstanding and prejudice or through our preconceived ideas we can create an impenetrable barrier for ourselves.

Life after death is a fundamental principle upon which most religions and philosophies stand. Belief in reincarnation is a basic doctrine in more than a few of them. This conviction, as so many seem to think, is not anti-Christian; neither is it absolutely Hindu or Buddhistic. It offers a solution to the problem of life, of human existence. What happens after we cease to exist in this body, leaving so many things unfinished? We merely go on, just like the person who falls asleep before he has completed some important task. It is perfectly natural for him to take it up again when he awakens in the morning. In the Bhagavad-Gita this idea is expressed simply and directly: "As man casts off worn-out garments and puts on others which are new, similarly the embodied soul, casting off worn-out bodies, enters into others which are new." The garment which we have cast off may not be like the one we are wearing now, for just as we change clothes here according to the demands of the climate, so do we change bodies according to the need.

Although we do not want to admit that we have any superstitions, still we cling to the thoughts and ideas with which we have been brought up, even though the light of reasoning proves to us the contrary. Knowl-

edge is not limited to any church, any creed or any doctrine whether it be Hindu, Buddhistic or Christian. Knowledge is free. It is the common property of the whole human race, and it is born in the soul. We are able to find it when our search is earnest, devout and without prejudice, and it is through this knowledge that we are liberated.

But suppose we should miss the opportunity in one life time, then what happens? Would it be possible that an all-loving Father who is infinitely merciful could throw his children into eternal perdition? We all make mistakes, but we learn through them; and as we earnestly endeavor to avoid them we find that our character unfolds. Some may learn more quickly than others; some may learn one lesson while others learn something else, but gradually we develop our spiritual nature and little by little we climb to the heights. We are given physical bodies and mental environment in accordance with our evolution and spiritual progress. That explains why one body is born of certain parents and not of others. There is law and order everywhere. We can never have what we do not deserve.

Evolution has seized the modern mind, but it was one of the great discoveries of the East long before it was dreamed of by Western philosophers. Reincarnation is the only logical explanation that sustains the idea of evolution. By reincarnation we can explain many cases of injustice which come before us time after time in our daily life and which otherwise would seem so grossly unfair.

Understanding of the law gives more blessing than anything that can be granted in the form of wealth or privilege. We may fight for equal rights; we may try

to bring all people together and give them money and opportunities, but we cannot really promise contentment. We can promise them happiness, however, when we give them a spark of wisdom — something that is productive and which knows no limit. We mold our own destiny, so it is well to keep these ideas always in mind. To understand them is not enough; they must eventually saturate the mind and brain of all human beings, for it is only by this means that we will be able to hasten the journey toward our highest spiritual goal.

Whatever we do in our life, whatever we have done in past lives, whether good or bad, we reap sooner or later. That does not mean that we are doomed by our failures and that we must just settle back and accept our fate, for man can always right what he has done; he can always counteract. Nothing is lasting in this limited world. A finite action cannot produce an infinite result. There is no eternal perdition. We hear words of cheer in ancient Indian writings which proclaim that life is eternal, that we are all children of the Infinite and the dreams that we are mortals and subject to disease, death, pain and afflictions exist only in the physical. It is such thoughts and beliefs which bring knowledge, and which free us from bondage. There is no arbitrary power that is pulling us through this chain of birth and death. We cling to certain ideas because we do not know. Many times we bind our hands and feet and mind, and many times we suffer, but we cannot continue doing that. We learn something from the disappointments and difficulties and eventually they prove to be great blessings to us.

No one can uplift us except ourselves. We can undo all the things that we have brought upon ourselves.

This is the law; and when we abide by this law we see that we have the power to make ourselves part of the Infinite. If we are not able to do it in this life, then let us have patience and courage until we can finish the task. Let us be persistent. And why should we not be persistent when the very law will make us so, until we have unfolded the highest and the best in us? A man's heart is burning with desire for joy and contentment, however he does not always know where to find it. How often he does what brings unhappiness! But if he is sincere he learns something worthwhile from his actions.

If we really feel love for our fellow being, let us always have a word of courage and hope for him. We may say that if we hold before him the idea that he is sinless it might make him worse, but it is not through fear and condemnation that humanity is going to be liberated from sin and sorrow; it is through knowledge. A constructive thought may require time before it takes hold or before it can be accepted, but when once a person is imbued with it, he is incapable of doing anything that is destructive. When we have reached the better nature of man, we have reached the man. We need time, however. This one life is not sufficient. One span of human existence does not give us enough experience to unfold our highest and best nature. It does not matter whether or not we get any recognition for what we have done. We cannot always be judged by the world. Let us become thoroughly permeated with this thought. It is not that the world wants to judge us incorrectly, but it does not know us. It does not reach our heart.

Religion brings us the inspiration to lead a life which to others often appears not to bear fruit, yet the things we do with spiritual interest can never be fruit-

less. What a tremendous impetus religion gives us when we find something bigger than this immediate life! How freely we can breathe and what a sense of leisure we can have when we are not caught in the mad rush to accomplish things, when we do not limit ourselves to this one little span of life. We can achieve much more in the calm of a majestic, contemplative life. And this is the most vital need for us all. How are we going to keep our balance unless it is inspired by our higher nature? Therefore, as we go on treading the path of evolution, as we reap our fruits, let us gain something; let us gain thoughts of God. We are placed here by the Divine hand. Let us not disconnect ourselves from It. We are not existing by chance; we all have our vocations and duties. If we are conscious of that and are able to fulfill our obligations with a sense of consecration, our life becomes fruitful. We cannot go very far wrong if we have the right feeling.

Many times we think that we have not reaped all the advantages we deserve through our efforts and good deeds, and wonder why the results are not forthcoming. How impatient we grow! First let us have perseverance; let us have a heart which does not yearn only for recognition and fruits, but a heart which clings to the Truth even unto death — a heart that does not fail with the fear of loss, for in reality there is no loss. The idea of reincarnation shows us that we carry our destiny in our own hands. It is because we have need to obtain the highest spiritual blessings that we must come back again and again to gather experience until our life is complete. When we are free nothing can hold us back, and this, our present life, is the best opportunity to make our future life a blessed one filled with peace and beneficence.

ALL IS CONSCIOUSNESS

from the Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna

It was the second day of the dark fortnight of the moon. Soon the moon rose in the sky, bathing temples, trees, flowers, and the rippling surface of the Ganges in its light. The Master was sitting on the couch and M. on the floor. The conversation turned to the Vedanta.

MASTER (to M.): Why should the universe be unreal? That is a speculation of the philosophers. After realizing God, one sees that it is God Himself who has become the universe and all living things.

The Divine Mother revealed to me in the Kali temple that it was She who had become everything. She showed me that everything was full of Consciousness. The image was Consciousness, the altar was Consciousness, the water-vessels were Consciousness, the door-sill was Consciousness, the marble floor was Consciousness — all was Consciousness.

I found everything inside the room soaked, as it were, in Bliss — the Bliss of Satchidananda. I saw a wicked man in front of the Kali temple; but in him also I saw the Power of the Divine Mother vibrating.

After realizing God, one sees all this aright — that it is He who has become the universe, living beings, and the twenty-four cosmic principles. But what remains when God completely effaces the ego cannot be described in words.

A man sees a thing in one way through reasoning and in an altogether different way when God Himself shows it to him.

TRANSCENDENT SPIRIT

by Sister Daya

Not only in what we call the spiritual or religious life, but in all human existence we find one tremendous struggle going on — the struggle to transcend ourselves, to maintain strength in the midst of weakening conditions, to maintain poise in the midst of confusion and distraction, to maintain peace in the midst of a warring world, and to maintain the integrity of our being in the midst of all those elements which would tend to tear us to pieces and divide our minds and hearts into fragments, so that we know not what our true being represents to us or to the world.

This struggle naturally becomes intensified in the spiritual life because the attention is focused in that direction. Man self-consciously envisions the whole of existence and his own place in this troubled world. He becomes aware of both his higher and his lower being and realizes that any hope of spiritual illumination or attainment lies in the ability to center his consciousness ever more and more in the diviner part of himself. Oftentimes he calls this the God in him and strives to invoke Deity into his heart and into the center of his own soul.

But it does not really matter whether we call it God or Truth or the higher Self; the thing that actually matters is that we have been given this great task to do. And because it is so instinctive in the human race we are often capable of surpassing ourselves and are able, even in the midst of terrible physical pain, to maintain power over our emotions and our reactions. When we fail to do this, when we fail to measure up to what we

call our ideal, our whole life begins to disintegrate. We grieve far more because we have played the coward or the knave or have lost our bearings than we do over the fact that life has thrown against us tremendous trials and tests, and has placed upon our shoulders great responsibility. We may do our share of complaining about what life has given us to bear, but the thing that makes us buoyant, powerful and inwardly happy human beings is being able to hold on, in the midst of all conditions, to a certain inward core of wholeness, of truth, of something that nothing can touch — something that we know is beyond all this, even though we overlay it with our emotions, with our fears, and with unworthy feelings.

This is the pure teaching of Vedanta, which begins with Divinity as not extraneous to man but in man and in the universe too — in each and every created thing. The Christians have this also in their deeper mystic training. "In every human spirit is a Christ concealed," Jalalud-Din Rumi tells us. "To be helped or hindered, to be hurt or healed. If from any human soul you lift the veil, you will find a Christ there hidden without fail."

In every human spirit is a Christ concealed; but what is that Christ if we have no part in it, if it is not of our own consciousness, not of our being, not of anything that we are? How can it help us? When a thought of infinite, compassionate love awakens in our heart, when we are able to forget ourselves utterly in service to God or man, we might say that that is the Christ spirit moving in us. But in reality it is we, in our higher reaches, who have thrilled and responded and given ourselves to that spirit and had part in it, feeling that

it was the deeper love of our own being that was pouring out, washing away selfishness and darkness and all the inhibitions the lower, material self of man had raised against it for so many ages. Perhaps it is brought closer to home if we take to heart the great Indo-Aryan concept that every soul is potentially divine, and that within the center of each man's being shines the ineffable Light of the world, his true reality, his true entity, of which this outer man is but a distorted reflection.

In the Gita we are told, "Let a man raise himself by his Self, let him never lower himself; for he alone is the friend of himself and he alone is the enemy of himself." Then it goes on to say that when we yield to the lower self it can act just like an external foe. We find this also in the Christian scriptures when reference is made to the "temptations of the devil;" but unless our own self tempts us we would never know there was a devil. It is only when our lower self has weakened us, when it is hungry or thirsty for things that are destructive, that what we call the devil can put thoughts into our mind and seem to be like an external foe. This concept, which moves in every human being, we must hold firmly in mind to thoroughly understand the instinct and urge to transcend the lower self, because we live, in a way, in two worlds at once.

In the inner, deeper reality, man is living almost in the Absolute; he is one with the ineffable Supreme. This is eternally true. If the connection were broken he would vanish from the face of the earth, for it is That which sustains every living being. Yet at the same time he is living in this world of diversified things, the world of the many, the world of mine and thine, the world of struggle, where the little ego of man pits itself

against the little ego of every other man. We seem sometimes to be almost suffocated by our own mentality, our own finiteness, our own inability to realize this thing that the higher part of our mind tells us must be true, that calls to us with such an insistent voice throughout the years, telling us to rise above all this muck and soil of the material and purely physical into the pure heights of the mind, to rise up into the great vision of the heart, to ascend into that transcendent Being in which we are above the play of the forces of this world.

The great philosophers tell us, Christian mystics speak of it and we find it in Vedic literature, that man has, as it were, a cave in his heart, a deep, deep inner place — as Swami Paramananda puts it in one of his poems —"ever ready and ever still." When we find our way to that we can retire to it; we can lift our consciousness into it and stand above this little, faltering, failing, struggling finite self. And though we may still fail and falter, though we may still make terrible mistakes, though we may still find ourselves affected by the conditions around us, there is a part of us that is not affected, "a part of us," again as Swami says, "that is ever awake and watching." That is the part that dwells in the cave of the heart, that cave that is illuminated by the light of pure spirit, that cave that is warmed by the warmth of compassion and love, that cave in which wisdom has her throne. This is the true home of man.

Actually there is no division between the inner Being and the outer self; they are absolutely and unconditionally connected, but the outer self is that Being seen through many distorted mediums; it is that Being

whose light filters with difficulty down through the different strata of the material universe causing it to become broken and shattered, but it is that same eternal Reality that says, "I am That which I am," that eternal Voice of existence, *Tat Tvam Asi* — "Thou art that Eternal."

We have this so implicit within our nature that we can never let go. "I am That. I exist. I am." It is borne in upon us in pain; it is borne in upon us in pleasure; it is borne in upon us every moment of our lives. We may be colored by ignorance, we may be lighted by wisdom, yet the inward voice cries out, "I am, I am, I am." It is the central point of existence and goes back to its Source, the great Infinite, who alone is that eternal Reality, that Being, that Consciousness which is really the foundation for man's yearning for immortality, for all that is native to his own spirit. The soul of man has acquired many dresses and many distortions; but it is not born to die, and it knows it. Yet it finds itself in this strange, confusing, bewildering and illusory world and it becomes doubtful. It sees bodies dying. It sees bodies being cast off, and it says, "Am I a part of that; am I the body; is there a soul; is there a spirit?" When these doubts come crowding into the heart of man, then indeed is the struggle for transcendence most difficult.

One of the greatest proofs of the innate Divinity that is man is the fact that in spite of doubt, in spite of darkness, in spite of man's frequent denial of his own spiritual entity, he still struggles to be greater than himself. This in itself is a proof that Divinity is the very foundation of his soul and of his mind.

The fact is that man in his true Self has already

transcended all that is now such a burden to his spirit. He *is* That. Often when we speak of the transcendent spirit we have in mind some religious ecstasy — that man is about to have a great illumined consciousness, that he is going to wake up in Godhead and all the darkness of the material world will fade away. But remember, this is something we have to work for; we must strive for it every moment of our existence. We have to see our way through many dark conditions. The material world wherein we identify our whole self with the problems that beset us, thwart us and cause us so much misery, tends to make us doubt our own ability to rise above these things.

The physical body itself is one of the most difficult of all our troubles. It is like a spoiled child; we gradually come to indulge it more and more, and it demands more and more as we pamper it. It so easily becomes our first concern. We fear we might tire it a little or impair it in some way. Of course, there *are* some things we cannot do, but in this struggle man has to weigh and balance very carefully. When it does become awakened, the spirit in us is very powerful. I am reminded of what Swami Vivekananda said in one of his lectures:

Many and many a time I have thought that I was dying. I have been spent, exhausted, done, lying under the trees in the forest in India with no one around to help me, and I have said to myself, "Rise up you god of gods, you king of kings, rise up and go on." And I rose and went on, and I am here to tell you about it today.

That is the transcendent spirit.

We have all read instances of the bravery and indomitable spirit displayed by our fighting men and

prisoners during the last world war. Many of them survived under seemingly impossible conditions, having faced grave danger and having endured situations that would have crushed less valiant souls. There was something unconquerable in these men, something that would not accept defeat. It was that wonderful surging up of the inner being, the inner power that is man's birthright.

There may be conditions when we are not able to just step out of the physical body, so to speak, for we are under physical laws to a certain extent; but we cannot discount the power of the mind. We can concentrate on our sick body, our lazy body or our selfish body, and if we give it enough attention, the symptoms increase and we become more and more aware of our aches and pains and discomforts. The weight of the mind itself drags us down and creates more difficulties. But the minute the weight of the mind is lifted from the body, the minute we begin to center on some great, wonderful, stimulating thought and give our whole attention to it, we leave the body and transcend these conditions to a large extent. And it certainly can never hurt to make this effort, to turn the mind away and center life in something that is so compelling, so fine, so demanding of all that we have to give, that it is always ready to lead us above and beyond these things that would tend to incapacitate us and drag us down. There is this power of transcendence in every man if he but has the fire in him, if he has the vision, if he has the desire born in his heart to go forward toward his great goal.

Sometimes in emergency or under severe stress a human being will do things he had not thought possible

even when it comes to physical strength. I remember an incident that happened during the time I was living in Santa Monica when they were having automobile races there. One of the danger spots was right at the corner where my home stood. It was called "death curve." The cars would make great circuits, and when they roared around this curve one's heart would be in his mouth. One time a big English car tipped over and the driver was pinned underneath. The metal was hot and the car heavy, but a man came out from the crowd, and with his bare hands took the car and lifted it bodily off the driver. His hands were burned almost to the bone. What is it that gives man the power to do such things? Ordinarily he would say, "I cannot possibly lift that!" But so often emergencies of life make us realize what is really in us.

For the most part, we go along leading such a dull, drab kind of an existence. I do not mean this from the standpoint of excitement, but from the standpoint of interests, of the awareness of the miracle of beauty and wonder that is locked up in every atom of this universe, in every leaf, in every tree, in every speck of dust, and certainly in our own being. When this interest is aroused, when we have the sense that "from This I came forth, This sustains me every moment, my body is expressing that inward power and light," then our whole relationship changes and we become filled with the desire to give ourselves back to That from which we have come. And when this sense of dedication comes into our heart, when we can say, "Take me and use me; take my body, take my hands, take my feet, make use of me," then something is born in us that takes us beyond the ordinary difficulties of life.

If we read the lives of the very great people of the world we find with what tremendous power they move through life, overcoming the insuperable barriers that are thrown before them. The average person does not have one-tenth of the obstacles that oppose the spiritually great of the world who know that deep within is that power which will carry them over their own pain and agony, their weakness and possible death; and like an arrow they go through to their goal. That is the transcendent spirit that can light up the whole material universe with the great flame of courage and self-forgetful fervor. Realization is a thing of feeling, of becoming aware. We must first imagine ourselves into a different type of consciousness and a different way of thinking.

If we come forth from a great central sun of spirit, then this mind, these feelings of ours are not just little things that are manufactured from our body, as a machine would throw out collar buttons. We are descending constantly from that central sun, all our thoughts — everything. Therefore why can we not let go of all but our yearning toward That, lifting up our prayers saying, "Make me Your own; fill me; take possession of me; love through my heart; think through my mind. I am little and insignificant, but in Your great power I change into the likeness of You, my Deity. Therefore I give myself, over and over again."

Lord Buddha said that what is needed most is a loving heart and self-forgetfulness and the power of service for others. There are people who will work their hands to the bone — humble people, who make the very foundation of a country, poor people struggling for their children or their homes or for some ideal — giving

their lives without murmur, and feeling within themselves a light and a beauty in that giving.

I am reminded of a story that I will recount here because it made such a deep impression on me. It happened years ago in New York when I was but eighteen years of age and had become interested in social service on my own. I had a cleaning woman who used to give me names of those in want, and on this particular morning she sent me to a mother who was desperately in need of help. This woman had five children and no money, and her husband had vanished from the scene. The family lived in a dark little room without a window where there was scarcely sufficient space for them to move around. Two of the little boys had tuberculosis; there was a baby about six months old and two other children. They were about to be dispossessed and had no food to eat. I did not know just what to do but felt that first of all they should eat, so I offered to go to the store and bring back groceries. The woman who was a courageous little person with a beautiful face spoke up and said, "You had better let me go with you because I think I can probably buy much more reasonably than you can; I am accustomed to buying and saving money." So she went along with me and we talked. She told me that two doctors in the hospital were interested in the boys and were trying to save the situation too. When I asked her what she would like in the way of groceries, she turned around and looked at me and said, "How good God is!"

I have never forgotten that all these years. Here is something to build on, a faith, a vision like that. She never spared herself. What she must have given to that little family! And God did help her; her boys were

taken to the hospital. Provision was made for the others; they did not have to go into the street. I hope I shall always remember this when I come to think that conditions are insurmountable or I am having too much to bear. I shall say to myself, "How good God is!"

Even if we do not have the equipment of a brilliant mind our heart can reach up to the highest, and when our hearts reach up to the highest the whole of us is bound to follow. There are many difficult things that the spirit of man has to meet, yet these things can be met; we can live in our own heaven, the heaven in our heart. We can remember that these things are passing, changing; they come and they go, and the more we fight against them the more we are filled with rebellious and hateful thoughts and the more these conditions will press in upon us, because they are there for a reason. We, ourselves, have created the conditions. They are not just something imposed upon us to torture or torment us; they are our problem, our examination, our test. We might try to run away from them, or we might say that through some mental process we can dispose of them. But there is only one way to really dispose of any personal problem, and that is through transcending it, through getting at it from above, getting the God-view of it and rising up into that greater world where these things do not exist.

We can get deeper into that level of consciousness where the ego does not have a voice, where the pure being of both ourselves and our brother mingles in that God-oneness — as it says in the Upanishads, where the enemy ceases to be an enemy. This may seem difficult and almost impossible and yet, as we dream of these things, as we think of these things, we find they are

really not so impossible. We can be like the man who, when he went out into the wind and storm, just wrapped his great cloak about him. We can have that great cloak of a divine Presence, of greater thoughts, of the vision of man's true and final destiny to wrap around us as we go through the trying and heart-breaking conditions of life. I do not mean that we should isolate ourselves selfishly, but there is no other way we can help, for it is only by rising above these things and thinking of our ideal and becoming infused with the light of that ideal that we can come back to the condition and master it.

I remember once going to our Swami Paramananda when I was struggling with a personal problem. I said to him, "Swami, you always tell us that love conquers everything and that we must love everybody. But what am I going to do? I can't love everybody; I really can't. If I said that I did I wouldn't be telling the truth." He said, "My child, in such conditions take your mind off the one who is troubling you. Turn your mind to other things, things that will give you stimulation and inspiration, keep it away from that which drags you down; then you will find, as you continue to give yourself to your Ideal, you will be able to go back to that condition and it will have ceased to exist for you." I believe that this is a very great truth. If we can take our mind away from a condition that is oppressive to us and keep it fixed at a high point, that in itself is one of the greatest practices of yoga or union with God. When we are really able to do that, when we can take our mind instantly from the thing that would ordinarily draw us down into a maelstrom, keeping it fixed on the pure light of our Ideal, we will have gone far toward attaining that transcendent realization of our own true being which is God.

MASONIC THOUGHT

A seed is such a divine thing. Were we to trace its evolution to assay its qualitive substance and future possibilities we would judge it by its characteristics, behavior and response to environment. We evolve much as any seed, but the Author of life has given to Man a mind, a soul, a spirit. These have made us inquire, dream and want to progress. How many generations do you suppose have wondered to what extent spiritually we are a part of infinite Mind; and whether we may yet learn to penetrate beyond the physical curtain to spiritual insight? In the conflict of today's decisions we should more often pause to seek tracings of things divine; acquire more the explorer's zest for clues and signs and microscopic little things; and seek to find in every circumstance the Master's hand.

We have often enough proved that we dwell in the seemingly illusive horizons, which portend reality. Through tracings of love and faith and prayer we find evidence that life's eventualities parallel, transcend and, in fact, exist within us, as we release our mind from the concern of self. Since our world depends on bread and water, wood and stone and earthly things, if we are to develop so as to find joy and peace, wisdom and truth, faith and love — then, we must find nourishment for mind and soul and spirit. We must ferret out tracings of things divine, seek onement with Infinite Mind, and recognize life's eventualities, as existing realities, though they may be concealed within our physical nature. Today's problems would, indeed, be less if we sought more the Master's hand.

The time for seeking God is always now.

—D. V. Steere

LIFE IS A SYMPHONY

by Srimati Gayatri Devi

This morning, very early, when my consciousness was just being freed from the effect of sleep, it was the note of a single bird that first entered the ears, and the relationship of that single note of the bird to this subject was so very close that naturally the mind began to reflect.

First came the thought which has become part and parcel of my own individual consciousness, a concept of creation which we find in the teachings of the Vedas. The philosophers and sages of India thought of "God", which is only a name — an effort on man's part to call that Existence by something — in the terms of sound, word. This we can very easily relate to Christian ideas when we read in the Bible, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." Long before the advent of Christ, people on earth who thought and reflected and aimed to find the answer to their own pertinent questions regarding God conceded that His first manifestation was in the form of sound. This is called, in the ancient scriptures, *Nada Brahma* — sound Brahman. You can well appreciate from this concept why music has become so related to man's mode of worship. Swami Vivekananda spoke of music as being the highest among all the arts; it was a means to unite man with God.

Beginning with the original idea of sound, we come to realize how one sound — which is sustained by no sound, silence — is the origin or source of all sounds.

Later this morning, I heard the singing of not just one little bird, but the singing of many birds, and could

easily have thought, "A symphony! A concert!" For what purpose? To delight my ears? We human beings think everything in life is for us; the earth must serve us; animals must serve us; the vegetable kingdom must serve us. But no, I did not think at that moment that the birds sang for my benefit. They were expressing their own joy, their own bliss. Not for any particular purpose but as an expression of love, adoration and gratitude.

I am not trying to be sentimental. My aim is rather to be mystical, to help us to relate all external manifestations to the internal Reality. If we think of music, of dancing, of other forms of art, we can think of them in the terms of divine expression, because through these man aims to manifest the highest, the best, the sublime within himself. Let us relate this idea to the specific art of music.

In our orchestra we have many nationalities, creeds, types and temperaments. We have learned to forget individual likes, dislikes and differences of temperament for the sake of music to which we have dedicated our lives. I often wonder if we could not solve the world's problems on a similar basis of harmony.

Think what a single individual in a symphony orchestra can accomplish by giving up his individual traits and ambitions in the service of music. Some call it cooperation, mutual understanding, teamwork, but it all springs from the all-embracing love for music. Suppose that in life you had the same all-embracing love for the whole of mankind and for your neighbor in particular. Only when every one of us and every nation learns the secret of love for all mankind will the world become a great orchestra, following the beat of the Greatest Conductor of all.

The great conductor, Artur Rodzinski, wrote this. It makes us think in a very deep and profound manner upon the problems of our world, problems that beset our own civilization which is so very creative, so very inventive, so marvelous and so rewarding, as far as man's achievement is concerned. Man is able, in his own creation, in this civilization, to give expression to all the powers with which he is naturally endowed. However, that which man creates also has its own particular problems, and the biggest problem in the world today is perhaps what it has been in the past, disunity—disunity which exists in many spheres of our life, nationally and internationally. This is due to our own lack of capacity to express the highest and best ideals.

Just think what would happen to a symphony orchestra if a cello player or a bass cello player felt hurt because in that particular symphony his part was very small and he had no opportunity to show his talent as a solo artist. Suppose this affected him individually, and while he was performing he gave vent to his own feelings. He could very easily play a note which could be so disturbing, so distorted, so discordant, that the whole symphony would be spoiled. Now analyze this fact: The discordance, the disturbance, comes from one single unit, one player, who is among perhaps a hundred others, and the cause lies in his own dissatisfaction in not being able to do his part or give his best. Fortunately, however, there is in the musician sufficient understanding and discipline, love of music and love of the performance, that he would do no such thing. He will subordinate his own feeling out of respect and love for the whole, and do his part by keeping concealed his own individual inclinations.

This is the way it is with life — comparing it with a symphony. We live in a civilization which encourages competition, which tells us that unless we have ambition we cannot succeed. Ambition is really the drive within us which makes possible the expression of our many powers. We think it is a necessity that we should all be ambitious in order to have full self-expression. Yet out of the same drive come some of the ills of life. Perhaps we do not study nature too well. In spite of all our scientific knowledge and phenomenal discoveries, in nature there is always evidence of what we consider inequality. There is the giant oak in the forest — or California's many thousand-year-old sequoias and redwood trees — and there are tiny trees, small trees, weak trees of all varieties and kinds. This is the inequality that is ever before our eyes. In man's sphere, too, there are human beings of specific powers and greatness, achievements and capacities. No sooner do we begin to compare and to think that we must be what we are not, purely from the spirit of competition and comparison, than we strike a discordant note. This brings inharmony into our own life and leads to disorder in the universe.

You may say, "Then what is the answer? Should we not try to better ourselves, improve ourselves?" Yes, we should. We should want to bring about change, progress and improvement, but we should not introduce the spirit of competition which says: I must be as successful or as powerful as the other man. I must be as rich as he is. I must have as many acquisitions as he has. This is what happens. Always this imitation comes in; we must "keep up with the Joneses."

I am doing a bit of analysis, that we need to do, of our society, our national life and our international

relationships. Competition and rivalry is what disturbs the balance. It cannot exist in a symphony orchestra. The bass player sitting in the back seat never says, "Someday I am going to sit where the first violinist sits." He knows all his life he will be the bass player, and he has to be contented in the right way — not with a sense of inferiority, not with a sense that he has not a specific contribution to make, but with the sense that he makes as much contribution to the symphony program as the man in the first row.

Life, to be a symphony, has to take into consideration some very important facts and factors — not merely a desire to live harmoniously, or to live aesthetically, or to live graciously, but also to live with the vital issues of life in mind.

Let us come back to the parallel. What does a symphony player consider important to be one of the members of the symphony? He must mind his own score very well. It is not only a matter of being able to give the performances, going to rehearsals, and keeping himself under proper discipline while he is doing it, but at home, in private life, he must be just as disciplined. He must abide by the principles which are demanded of him — which are his badge of honor. He must learn the notes well; and he must know his part in the written music, in its relationship to all the other players. He cannot play out of turn, any more than he can play out of tune. Remember that. He must wait his turn. This waiting his turn is his consideration of his fellow members of the orchestra.

We must translate this into our own life. We can never be so concerned with ourselves that it makes us unrelated to other human beings with whom we live,

of whom we are a part, and whose destiny we share as our common destiny. The musician's relationship with other musicians is not merely love of music and comradeship. It is also love of one another, apart from love of music. Just so should we always keep intact our relationship with our fellow men which has to be based on love, as the conductor points out.

Every sphere of life will reveal to us the significance of those universal principles which must be operative in the office, in the home, at political conventions, in our international affairs, and in our religious communities. If the element of love is absent from a particular group, it does not then function well, does not operate harmoniously, does not produce the sounds, the effects out of life which are comparable to those of music. Life is not lived as music if love is taken away from it.

This brings to my mind a very wonderful song which can be found in the collected poems translated by India's poet-philosopher, Rabindranath Tagore, "Songs of Kabir." It is told of this humble man, Kabir, born in a country where the caste system was strictly observed, that he, who was of the lowest birth, was acclaimed with those of the noblest birth. He was a weaver who composed songs and sang them as he worked upon his loom:

The strains of love fill the days and the nights with music, and the world is listening to its melodies:

Mad with joy; life and death dance to the rhythm of this music. The hills and the sea and the earth dance. The world of man dances in laughter and tears.

Naturally I could not read these words without immediately picturing in my mind the dance of Siva. In

the museums of the West, in the large cities, you will find in the Oriental sections bronze statues — most beautiful figures. Some of them are ethereal. Siva, the Creator, the Destroyer, dances, holding his drum in one hand, with feet hardly touching the earth. The whole idea in our literature is that creation and dissolution come and go with the beat of his dance. It is an allegory. You should study this not merely with your intellect, but try to understand it with your heart which will give you access to the heart of the universe, when you regard the universe as an expression of Universal Spirit. Then you will come to the recognition of how the whole world, the whole of life is a stage, and the dance is going on, the music is being played, and the air is filled with symphonic sounds. The relationship is of ourselves with the Supreme Spirit; because Siva's dance represents the Cosmic expression in rhythm and harmony. What are we human beings in it? The players, of course, the dancers, the singers, the instrumentalists. We must come to think of ourselves in this manner, consider life in its relationship to us, and when the understanding has come forth from the depth of our being, it will become our aspiration to live as we should, and let life be a symphony.

Now let us go back to the allegory — to the player in the symphony, who is responsible to himself and to his neighbor and who is not complete without giving his attention to the baton of his conductor. Some conductors, like Stokowski, conduct without a stick. Their fingers are sufficient. But the conductor is a most important figure in producing a perfect symphony.

Does it not fill you with amazement when you remember Toscanini, and that never did this great master

while conducting consult one sheet of music? You say that is genius! You are right. He was a genius, and remember this, all are not geniuses. All the players in his orchestra did not become geniuses, but they played under him and with him, and they were fine artists and musicians. They had full expression of their talent; still they had to take the discipline of the maestro. Oh yes, we know all about temperament and eccentricities. We are told that the late conductor of the Boston Symphony practically tore his hair during the rehearsals.

As Rodzinski points out, we cannot forget the Great Conductor. Who is he? Lord God, the Supreme. This is a factor in our life we so readily forget. We would like to be good players. We want a life harmonious, symphonic, beautiful, gracious, joy-giving. We want all of these, but sometimes we want to do it by ourselves, paying no heed to the Master Musician who is always at the helm. This is why it is important that the mystical tendency in us be developed, because it has to do with our relationship to our Maker. When that has been quickened, we can understand our own tears and laughter, joys and sorrows, and regard them as not fully harmonious nor entirely discordant. Our attitude toward life is that laughter is harmony. Tears? Discord. If we think so it is purely our own ignorant interpretation. There are all kinds of sounds — harsh sounds, loud sounds which by themselves are deafening; they are not beautiful or melodious, but still they harmonize with the rest of the orchestra. The whole is a harmonious expression. Similarly in our life we cannot eliminate any of the elements which, from our standpoint, appear discordant or unmelodic. That is why we turn to those who have really treated life as a

symphony and remembered themselves as the players, and expressed themselves so completely.

In one of Swami Paramananda's poems there is this line, "Master Musician, I sing or sigh at Thy touch." The conductor makes a sign and the musician knows the sounds he must produce. It could be melody, the noise of the ocean, the rustling of the breeze or the song of a bird. Thus it is when we begin to understand life; we understand its purpose for us, and we recognize our own part in it and how we should play. There is neither competition nor rebellion, neither defiance nor opposition. It is only in the giving of ourselves unreservedly that we may be played upon as we should be.

In order for our life to be a symphony we should always remember ourselves in the terms of musical instruments. Another line of the Swami's poem comes to my mind, "It is Thy hand that tightens my heart strings with pain. Again, it is Thy hand that loosens the chord." You see, it is the Conductor, the Master Musician. "Thou playest on this frail instrument. I sing or sigh at Thy touch."

This is the crux of the matter that we need to consider. Not now and then, not only when our mood is high, but every moment, every hour, every day we must live in a way outlined simply for us by three factors: Making our relationship with the Divine Musician right; making relationship with all the other players right; and minding our own score — not fretting at the discipline or the struggle, the control or restraint that are demanded of us in order to play our true role.

These main issues are not fanciful nor are they sentimental. It is not so easy to live from day to day in such a way that we never strike a discordant note.

Let us realize that these musical terms are also life's terms. We strike a discordant note when we forget any of the three important principles. The little self encourages the competitive spirit; it indulges in discontent; it does not want to live by the wisdom of the Most High; but these elements are in nature and must be sublimated. In all spheres of life we cannot do without sublimation. Oh, we do pretty well. We have love and unselfishness, a degree of nobility; and our social standards have given us considerable control over ourselves. But this is not enough — not quite enough. That is what I have to say to you, to myself, to everyone. If you really want your life to be a song, or an instrumental piece -- although you cannot play on the concert stage being the solo player and drawing all the attention and adulation and praise upon yourself — you still should play as a member of an orchestra. You must remember the importance of self-elimination. We need to do it, not only through love of music, but through love of ideals. We can do it through love of God. Everyone knows this theoretically, but we have to make ever greater effort in the practical sphere of our own life where we must continually strive to do our part. It is a good resolution, "May I never strike a discordant note." If you are not angry, if you are not jealous, if you are not unloving, if you are not placing yourself over your fellow men, if the self has not given you a distorted viewpoint, then you will never strike a discordant note.

That is why the answer is love — love of God, love of humanity, superseding love of the self. We understand this truth, we see it, we see it in our own life; but our aspiration needs to be translated into action.

Can we live harmoniously? In the symphony of life can we be a player who will enhance the symphony? We say, "Yes, that is what I am trying to do!" If that is what we are trying to do, then let us never lose sight of our highest ideal. Every moment, every hour, every day, every week, every month, every year through life's passage, we must bring that forcibly before ourselves. It entails not only encouragement of all that is best within us, but curtailment of what is not so good within us.

Life is a mixture of good and ill in our plane of existence, and it is a fact that That which is beyond this duality is also within us. The Master Musician to whom we pay homage, whose rule, dictate and command we follow, is our own indwelling Spirit. So what we need to do is to live in harmony with the One who dwells within us. This is our task, first and last.

How much love have you given to the world? Ask yourself that question. Have you reached the point where you feel so related to all of humanity that you can never hurt or injure? We start like this in our own little sphere, and our consciousness begins to enlarge and unfold and expand and to embrace the Cosmic whole. This is our mission, this is our destiny. By playing our own part, we fulfill this Cosmic destiny for which the philosophers say we are sent to earth.

Is there any wise man who will listen to that solemn
music which rises in the sky?
For He, the Source of all music,
makes all vessels full fraught,
and rests in fullness Himself . . .
Kabir says, "O brother! that is the Primal Word."

—KABIR

A FAITH FOR THE SPACE AGE

*by Donald H. Andrews**

[Dr. Andrews is professor of chemistry at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Md., is active in rocket research and the development of atomic energy, and is interested in the atom's effect on society. — *The Rotarian*]

Since last October when the first Sputnik crashed through the roof of the sky into outer space, most of us have been aware of some large new question marks on the horizon. What will these satellites do to national security? How long before they can be propelled by atomic power? How soon will they be able to carry hydrogen bombs? Is there something worse even than the hydrogen bomb just around the corner?

These are pessimistic questions. There are just as many optimistic ones. Will atomic energy bring the world new prosperity? Will this mean a truly richer life for our children? Can a great new prosperity ease world tensions and give us permanent world peace?

These are not foolish questions . . . Is the human race capable of rising to the moral stature necessary to survive in a "total power" world?

If we can all work together and can find the answers, we can open the door to an unbelievably wonderful new world. Atomics will provide the power. Automation will make this power productive . . .

How, then, can we make sure that this new atomic wealth will be used not to destroy but to create? The answer is plain. For centruies we have been trying to operate our world on the principle of balance of power.

*From an address given at Rotary's 1958 Convention in Dallas, Texas.

Today it is clear that we can no longer control physical power by physical power. Our one hope is to control physical power by a higher kind of force, a more powerful force of the human spirit.

Where, people ask, can we hope to find this powerful spirit? We are no better than our fathers and mothers; we have no greater moral stature.

Our new knowledge also brings us hope, for the same experiments which are giving us atomic power are also giving us atomic vision; we can look inside the atom and see something beyond the material. We can see through to a new horizon of the spirit.

To give you an idea of this new atomic vision I want to take you on a little trip inside of an atom. Let's take an atom of calcium in the tip of the bone of your index finger. First you must realize how small that atom is. One way of seeing this is to get an idea of the total number of atoms in your body. It contains about an octillion. If you substituted a pea for each of those octillion atoms, you would cover the entire surface of the earth four feet deep in peas — and not only the earth! You would have to collect 250,000 planets each the size of the earth and cover these with peas four feet deep — and then you would have octillion peas, the number equal to the number of atoms in your body. An atom is small indeed.

Now suppose we enlarge that atom of calcium to a great balloon about 100 yards across. It will be big enough to put a football field inside. Then, at your normal size, step inside this atom. First you will see circulating all around you some 20 luminous balls about the size of footballs. These balls move in great circles, like planets around the sun. These are the electrons. If

you wonder what holds them in their courses, look down at the center of the atom. There you will see a tiny whirling point of light about the size of the head of a pin. This is the atomic "sun," the atomic nucleus, the tiny point in which, essentially, all the matter and weight of the atom are concentrated as well as its atomic energy and the positive charge of electricity which holds the negative electrons in their orbits.

An atom is essentially only empty space. And since you and I are made of atoms, we are mostly nothing but empty space, too. If we could be squeezed down to the point at which all the atomic holes were squeezed out of us, we would be smaller than the smallest speck of dust.

This was the picture which we had of the atom about forty years ago . . . Then following 1925, there came a series of discoveries which gave us a new picture of the atom. To see it let's step back inside our atom of calcium, the size of a football field, and have a new look around while we wear more powerful glasses and use an imaginary electronic hearing aid. Now, instead of flying footballs, we see around us ripples and waves, these spreading out in great circles and wave patterns and filling the entire volume.

Now we turn up our atomic hearing aid and become aware of music like great rolling organ music all about us, intermingling melody and harmony. Our atom sings and it is answered by music in all the neighboring atoms. It is in this music that we find the real significance of life and the significance of the universe. It is too soon to say just what this music is, but we are learning a good deal about it. In the first place, this music obeys laws very different from those of a machine.

Thus, the new motto of science appears to be that "the whole is more than the sum of the parts."

The meaning becomes clearer as we look at the life process. We know that life consists of a continuous flow of atoms into and out of living matter. Breath by breath, minute by minute, hour by hour, the composition of your body is changing. Eventually, perhaps every five years, you get a whole new set of atoms. Yet, anatomically, you are practically unchanged, your personality varies very little, you keep your memories.

What is it which has somehow dominated this vast flux of atoms making up your stream of existence? Today science recognizes that one of the deepest hallmarks of reality is "invariance under transformation." Whatever it is which keeps your life on its steady course through these vast changes — call it "spark of life," "spirit," or "soul"— it is that mysterious force which, according to our new science, has the supreme claim to reality. And now that we understand the atom as music and the universe as music, we begin to see, beyond the familiar visible and tangible world around us, a new invisible world of music. And in it we recognize signs of the existence of the great spiritual realities which have been the foundation for human faith down through the centuries. A hundred years ago, science, men thought, was opposed to religion. Today science, through this new atomic vision, is affirming religion.

The dominant power of the universe is not the shattering physical power of the atom. It is that power which lies beyond the material atom in the unseen world of the music of the spirit, the power of love. It is this power, and this alone, which can guard us and guide us as we move forward into the awesome new world of atomics and automation, rockets, and space.

The physical power of the atom is released by chain reaction. One atom explodes two, two explode four, four explode eight, until finally the wave of explosion has released the total shattering power. Today we need a chain reaction of the spirit to release in the world a new power of love. If only a few of us can have this vision and faith, and have it intensely, we can be the torch which will start the chain reaction to ignite men's hearts throughout the world. We can open the doors to a golden future and as the dawn of that new day brightens we shall understand at the last the meaning of the words, "The truth shall make you free."

The man of science knows, in one aspect, that the world is not merely what it appears to be to our senses; he knows that earth and water are really the play of forces that manifest themselves to us as earth and water — how, we can but partially apprehend. Likewise the man who has his spiritual eyes open knows that the ultimate truth about earth and water lies in our apprehension of the eternal will which works in time and takes shape in the forces we realize under those aspects. This is not mere knowledge, as science is, but it is a preception of the soul by the soul. This does not lead us to power, as knowledge does, but it gives us joy, which is the product of the union of kindred things. The man whose acquaintance with the world does not lead him deeper than science leads him, will never understand what it is that the man with the spiritual vision finds in these natural phenomena. The water does not merely cleanse his limbs, but it purifies his heart; for it touches his soul. The earth does not merely hold his body, but it gladdens his mind; for its contact is more than a physical contact — it is a living presence.

—TAGORE

TAKE REFUGE IN THE LORD

by Hari Prasad Shastri

In the following two verses of the Gita the essence of the Yoga of Sharanapatti, taking refuge in the Lord, is given:

O Arjuna, the Lord abides in the hearts of all. He gives motion to all beings by His power of illusion (maya), like a machine; take refuge in Him by every means. By His grace thou shalt obtain the state of the great and eternal peace.

Every being consists externally of maya and internally of Consciousness-Absolute. Maya is the servant and instrument of the Lord, and it is by His power that it creates the *antahkarana* — inner organ of man's heart — and helps its functions. Maya is like a machine which is worked by electricity. Here it may be asked, "Is it the Lord who is responsible for all the Hitlers, plagues, wars and our individual bad behavior towards our fellow men?" Let us understand the doctrine.

The presence of the Lord in the intellect (buddhi) creates a pseudo-sense of individuality. If the individual soul (jiva) forgets the Lord who is the essence of his being, he begins to think that he is the creator of actions and he imposes his own little world of passions, limitations, love of power, on his heart. Imagine part of a large machine worked by electricity suddenly becoming independent and working for its individual interests. What would be the result? Disharmony! Such is the state of the individual soul, which, under the impress of the grosser part of maya called ignorance (avidya), assumes separative existence and consciousness and lives in disharmony and disturbance.

No man will ever know the real meaning of being and becoming unless he is freed from maya by the grace of the Lord. We all use watches, but unless we are well up in the science of watchmaking we do not understand what a watch really is and how it works.

In spiritual matters intellectual enquiry is not of much help. A refined mind, a purified intellect, faith and self-surrender to the guru are needed to put you on the way to understanding the meaning of being and becoming.

Now let us understand the meaning of taking refuge, which the Gita recommends so strongly for spiritual illumination. Let me quote two examples: In the war during the bombing when an alert sounded many people used to go into "shelters." They left their homes and all their possessions and, wearing just their ordinary dress, hurried to the shelters to find protection against the bombs. The individual soul too is subject to assaults from ignorance, attachment to unreal objects, separative egoity, anger, aversion to others, forgetfulness of his real nature. Greed and possessiveness, whether individual or national, are comparable to the bombs of nescience. How can we avoid them?

A bird, innocent, beautiful and free, is flying over a field, enjoying the fresh air and singing to amuse its little ones in the nest. Suddenly a hawk pounces upon it; it rushes into a thicket to conceal itself from the enemy. This is what is meant by taking refuge.

In order to find a life of real peace and rest in this world, the individual soul has to realize the powerlessness of its own efforts to rise above the misery and darkness of nescience. Under the impress of ignorance the individual soul is deluded and thinks that by in-

tensifying darkness he can find peace and fulfillment of the spiritual purpose of life. Accumulation of wealth and power, enjoyment in excess of sense objects, particularly sex and power over others, the desire to be considered somebody or supreme, are some of the means the individual soul adopts, expecting to enjoy perpetual happiness. In some cases, even worldly, learned and intellectual men who have a superficial knowledge of Vedanta become proud of it and in the height of their ignorance consider themselves superior to holy Sankara and others. Such examples are not a few. What is to be done? Take shelter in the Lord.

The first thing is to recognize the truth contained in the verses of the Gita quoted above by all inner means and to remember the promise of the Lord in the Gita, in the Christian scriptures and in the Moslims' Koran as well: "Leaving all other duties and means of salvation, take refuge in Me." Realizing the final uselessness of all other means, make the Lord the only refuge, the only shelter; shed tears over your past actions and with extreme humility (self-surrender to the guru being the first and most important step), beg for ability to seek shelter under him. Not to depend on pleasure of the senses, home, friends, relatives, health, wealth, but to recognize Him as the only source of freedom joy and rest — this is to be practiced daily.

It is a hard path, but nothing which is worth-while in life is easy. When we begin to enjoy what is difficult we find a new and real delight in life. A great help in this holy path is concentration. Concentration is the voluntary application of the mind on something spiritual and elevating; without it no progress is possible. Concentration needs silence, inward and outward, and ap-

plication of the mind on the Lord as the support of the universe, as truth in the abstract form, as the source of beauty, peace and order. He is to be conceived as abiding in all beings.

Concentration is different from meditation. Meditation is a higher step and is above the range of cause and effect. Study of the holy Shastra — Scriptures, saying the set number of rosaries and reading the lives of the holy saints are important means to concentration. Look at the sky and the earth and concentrate on the Lord as their source. To concentrate on the holy word "Rama," "OM" or "Jesus" in the heart while doing one's task in the world is a favorite practice of the yogis. In this state the company which disturbs concentration and spiritual inclination is to be avoided, not in disgust but as something unsuitable for you.

The will plays an important part in the practice of this branch of yoga. Slowly the will should be freed from desires. When desires are realized to be useless, the will should not be applied in their service. Slowly our purified will should be merged in the cosmic will which plans and governs the universe. We should pray earnestly for the purity of our will and cease to think ill of any being, or of our particular gain in any form. When the will is thus purified we realize the meaning of the saying of holy Christ, "Let Thy will be done."

This total self-surrender to God is preceded, for the wise, by self-surrender to the guru. This is a special kind of devotion in which the finite in us is placed in the infinitude of the all-pervasive God. This is the sure way to illumination which reveals to us "I am Brahman."

The last step before illumination is transcendence

of all we are and of all we have, as a butterfly transcends the cocoon. As a fish from the surface of the water dives deep into the infinite of the bottom of the sea, so does our mind go beyond the will and the intellect. In this way the divine breath (Prana) is stirred and the whole heart is reunited in spirit with the divine power of the Cosmic Being. What we call spiritual silence is the result of transcendence. It is in this silence that the soul hears — That thou art — from the Divine within it and becomes illumined.

Dr. Mahendranath Sircar, a most distinguished writer on Vedanta, says about the yoga of Sharanapatti:

The inward bent of being in surrender is a potent force. As a spiritual discipline it is complete in itself and does not require cultures previously mentioned. It stirs the higher being, calms the lower urges and gradually changes the whole adaptation of life. It quietens down the restive being, it moves the cosmic prana (life) to activity. Before the descent of mercy can be fully effective in giving its complete protection and in awarding its full spiritual possibilities, this inward bent works as a sure method of purification. It washes out the downward tendencies of the soul and their restricting influence and allows an easy and spontaneous inflow of life. The more complete the surrender, the more visibly active becomes the cosmic prana (life) in the seeker; for without the pranic flow the physical and the vital being cannot be transformed and made fit to receive divine urges in uninterrupted succession.

Another most important point in the pursuit of this ideal of surrender to the Lord is detachment. The ideal demands that the whole of the mental energy be applied

to the search for the grace of God. If a man tries to possess or enjoy any object of nature he is wasting his energy, from the higher point of view. Even the least trace of attachment to anything in the world is a barrier. No illumination is possible when the mind sets up an idol.

How ignorant are they who imagine that yoga can give both the world and the spirit. In order to earn popularity certain systems like that of the Saktas pretend to offer the yoga which promises both worldly advantages as well as spiritual illumination. A Persian mystic has very well said: "Dost thou wish to be godly and to possess the advantages of this blind world? It is madness; it is madness." Sri Rama Tirthaji set an example in total renunciation, and so did Sri Sankara Acharya.

The practice of taking refuge in the Lord is strengthened by repetition of and devotion to the holy Name. The injunction of the Lord in the Gita is, "Take refuge in Him with thy whole heart." Christ also taught the same ideal, "If any one would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

It is a great service to humanity to preach this ideal widely. There would be no Hitlers, no Stalins and Napoleons and no greedy capitalists if men knew the beauty of this ideal and followed it.

This great teaching is given at the conclusion of the Gita because it is the highest, the easiest and meant for all. When the limited worldly urges cease, the divine urges appear. To repress the one and foster the other is the chief aim of real living.

This yoga demands preference over any other as-

pect of life. Its sweetness soon begins to appear, and the soul while still in bondage experiences the joy of detachment and the fragrance of self-surrender. Even in the little things of life there is joy in freedom.

According to Dr. Sircar, the two great aids to the life of taking refuge in the Lord are concentration and centralization, as mentioned in the Gita. Concentration, as we have already said, refers to the mind, but its application can be spiritual. For the right use of concentration our soul must soar higher in the atmosphere of devotion. Centralization is a divine process and is entirely interior. When the soul is attracted by the external activities such as sacred study, benevolence and love of guru, centralization intervenes and joins the soul to its essence. Concentration gives insight into the soul, while centralization fixes it on the divine in the soul.

There is another step in the practice of surrender to the Lord and it is consecration, which is above both concentration and centralization. The goal is consecration. The being is rejuvenated and finally accepted by the Lord as His own.

The culture of transcendence is a final step in taking refuge in the Lord. The will and love which belong to the plane of concentration are in the region of limitation. It is in transcendence that the cosmic love and life reveal themselves to the soul. Here you have a consciousness of divine love and divine beauty. All natural urges are drowned in the vision, and then follows through surrender the life of ceaseless contemplation. It is called in the Gita, Brahma-Nirvana or the state of dwelling in Brahman.

Finally detachment is the law of spiritual life. The more detached the life the closer it feels to transcend-

ence. Even detachment from spiritual urges is necessary because the injunction of the Lord is, "Giving up all other Dharmas (duties) take refuge in Me; I shall free thee from all limitations (sins). Grieve not."

The guru of Sri Sankara, the supreme teacher of this age, is Sri Vyasa. He is the author of the Vedanta Sutras and also of Srimat Bhagavata. He places the Gopis of Vrindavan highest in the realm of devotion, because their surrender to the Lord was complete. Their lives are a model to us. Take refuge in the guru, in the teachings of the Gita, in study, and surrender thyself wholly to the Lord. OM.

Believe me, friend, the glances of the Dear One,
Are like daggers of Love,
The moment they strike, to madness I am turned.
And lost is all care for the mind and the body.
As the mind and the body, all with love is permeated.
And a mad one I turn.
Few friends who met the Beloved,
Turned they likewise mad.
I however know Him full well.
He is the Behari, that roams about the woods.
To the Chakor as the moon is dear, and the candle
to the mote,
As the fish loves the water,
So to me is my love for the Beloved.
I pray to Thee, O dear Shyam,
As on Your feet I fall.
Know Mira, O Lord,
As Thy maid.

—MIRA BAI

INDIA AT A GLANCE

(from letters of Fred Swain)

April 21, 1958

Dearest Mataji:

First I shall tell you about the trip Nachiketa and I made to Kalimpong and Kamakhya. It was an interesting one, though there were not any outstanding spiritual events. We travelled by train across the plains of Bengal. We had a nice compartment on the way up. Our train companions were a Muslim businessman who was quite irreligious and a German Lutheran missionary who was visiting "the pagan land of Hinduism" on his return to Germany from Japan. We struck up a conversation with him while the Muslim sulked in the corner. The German was unable to understand how Hinduism had only one indivisible God with many aspects. We attempted to explain this a long time. It was a very ABC-like sort of thing, but he never understood. As time went on, I found that this Lutheran minister had been an anti-aircraft artillery officer in Hitler's army. He used to fire quite a bit at P-38's and B-24's, planes which I used to fly. So we had a good time discussing the war and speculating as to whether he fired on my plane or not. We met him again later at Kalimpong and developed a nice friendship.

At Moniharighat we got down from the train and crossed the Ganges by boat. We then boarded another train on the other side a few miles upstream and continued the trip to Shiligury. Shiligury is the point where the mountains meet the plains of Bengal. Those going to Darjeeling take a narrow-gauge mountain train. Those of us going to Kalimpong take a bus which winds

round hairpin curves on a one-track road which looks down deep gorges.

Kalimpong is high in the mountains, but there are always higher mountains to look up to, no matter how high you go. Kalimpong is only a few miles from Sikkim which is the gateway to Tibet. There are many Tibetans in Kalimpong of course, most of them refugees from Tibet. Many of them however are quite sympathetic to the present government there. There is also a large Christian community in Kalimpong and many foreigners. There is much friction between the many groups that are either communistic or anticommunistic. The struggle between these groups has reached gigantic proportions and espionage and intrigue make Kalimpong one of the worst trouble spots in India. I was there only a few hours before they asked to see my passport. They wanted to know why I was there and how long I was going to stay. When I expressed a desire to visit Sikkim to see the Tibetan monasteries, they really got nervous. I felt rather uneasy while there because of the political suspicion everyone has of everyone else.

Nachiketa has a branch of his school there, which teaches Tibetan and Chinese. One of his main reasons for going was to inspect the progress of his school. He called a cultural meeting of different prominent persons in the town in order to help the school along. Many were to make speeches. However as arrangements for this meeting progressed it became obvious that the meeting would degenerate into a political brawl rather than remain cultural since there were many Christians invited, as well as those we found to be procommunistic. The Christians in Kalimpong find it impossible to speak

at all without making some remark against communism. And the communists find it impossible not to retaliate. We were merely setting the stage for the fight. Since we did not want to become involved in politics in any way, we finally called the meeting off. Nothing happens in Kalimpong without a political flavor to it.

We stayed at the Buddhist Vihara (monastery) where Don Miller lives. Don Miller is from Rochester, N. Y. and is now known as Dharmapara, since he has taken initiation as a Buddhist monk. We missed him since he was on his way to Calcutta while we were on our way to Kalimpong. I saw him later in Calcutta while he was in the hospital. The Vihara is a small but beautiful one. They have a nice building and garden on the side of the mountain. The shrine is beautiful and has a good atmosphere. We meditated there at every opportunity.

We climbed mountains until our eyes bulged, visiting all the lamasaries in the area. Some of them are very ancient, this being the Tibetan Buddhist center in India. We met some very interesting lamas.

We also visited the Ramakrishna Mission. Here I found the most peaceful shrine that I have seen at any of the missions. It is a simple shrine with only one picture, of Thakur. I found it difficult to leave the shrine. There are two Swamis at this Ashrama. The one there at that time was Dhruvananda, a young, highly intelligent and spiritual man. He showed real feeling and understanding of us. We really developed a deep friendship. We confined our conversation to spiritual things. He is deeply sincere with real devotion. There are not many like him.

There are now as many as twenty Ashramas in

India dedicated to Sri Ramakrishna, organized independently of the Mission. One Swami in Benares was a Swami in the Mission for twenty-five years and knew our Swamiji. He now has resigned and joined Ananda Mai Ma.

We saw also Yogi Maharaj, a famous yogi of that area to whom Divine powers are attributed. He was highly praised by the Dalai Lama on his Indian visit. We found him to be unusual all right! He is fifty-four years old but does not look over thirty. He expects to live to be one-hundred-fifty. He is an adept at many types of yoga; and there is a light in his eyes that indicates something. However, he is too interested in the magical aspects. He is now having an underground cave prepared for himself, where he will live sealed in for six months.

We also had tea at the summer palace of the Rani of Bhutan. This Rani is very powerful in the government of Bhutan and she is very queenly. She has an aristocratic bearing of which one is always aware.

At another time we went to visit one of Nachiketa's Indian Christian friends. On entering the house, we found his wife was a large hefty German missionary. On seeing me in gerua, she pointed her finger at me and said, "What are you doing in those clothes?" I answered her that I was wearing them for the same reason that most people wear clothes. She said, "Are you a Hindu?" I answered, "Yes, I am." "But how could you," she said, "coming from a Christian country! It's bad enough with these poor Indians, but you should know better!" Nachiketa then told her she did not need to convert us since Hindus already accepted Christ as an *Avatar*. This really burned her up. "But you are not

baptized," she said. I pointed out that most Europeans and Americans are baptized, but it doesn't seem to do them much good since they are still fighting wars after all this time and are unable to get along with each other. We asked her what she knew or read of Hinduism. She said she would not read such unholy and devilish things. We tried to talk to her husband whom we had come to see; but he couldn't get a word in edgewise. She decided to pray for us then and there. However we put the pressure on her. The only words her husband was able to get out were, "Baptism is not essential." For this he probably suffered a considerable amount after we left.

When we were leaving Nachiketa felt sorry and bowed down before her, and said, "Please forgive us; we love you." She said, "Forgive you for what?" Then Nachiketa couldn't think what we should be forgiven for, because he really didn't have a guilty conscience. Finally he said, "Forgive us for not being baptized." With that we left.

We were in Kalimpong five days. The day we left, we decided to go to Assam instead of returning to Calcutta. So again we took the long train journey (third-class) to Pandu on the Brahmaputra. We took a steamer across the river, then our first bath in the Brahmaputra, a very fine river. After that we climbed the lone mountain sitting beside the river to the town on its top, called Kamakhya, where the Kamakshi Devi Mundi is located. It is an ancient town and very interesting. In some ways it is like Benares. It is a town of priests, since only Brahmins are allowed to live there permanently. There must be thousands of Brahmins and all of them derive their livelihood from the pilgrims, who

come there in long streams. There are many ways they earn this livelihood. They rent rooms and sell food in their hostels, where Nachiketa and I stayed. They sell large numbers of goats which are offered in sacrifice.

Another interesting thing is, they sell pigeons to the pilgrims to be set free. It says somewhere in the scriptures that one who buys a pigeon gains great merit. The priests therefore sell large numbers of pigeons to the pilgrims. These pigeons, however, are homing pigeons, and no sooner are they set free, than they fly back to their cage behind the temple. It must be that some of the pilgrims catch on to this, but they do not seem to mind. Sometimes the pigeons tarry on the shoulder of their *mukti* givers (liberators) in order to be fed.

You will hear of our visit to the Kamakshi Devi Mundi (temple) in my next letter.

Jai Ma. —Fred

LIFE IS GOD

by Dorothy Hanson

Crocuses, lift your golden heads;
Arise, grape hyacinths, from your beds.
This is the season of God's rebirth
When Immortality touches earth.

Return, sweet bearers of winged song,
You have stayed in the Southland far too long —
Bluebird, robin, goldfinch, whitethroat,
Sombre-coated as well as bright-coat.

We bathe in the limpid April sun
And feel that life has just begun;
For a promise thrills from the clean, blue sky,
"All life is of God — so can never die."

MODERN MAN'S DESTINY

by Swami P. Parampanthi

Blaise Pascal, the great mystic and philosopher of France, writes in his immortal *Pensees,* "Our senses perceive no extreme. Too much sound deafens us; too much light dazzles us; too much distance or proximity hinders our view. Too great length and too great brevity of discourse tend to obscurity; too much truth is paralyzing." Thus the basic, irrefutable fact before us is that the human nature and faculties in the physical sense are subject to invincible laws of limitation. Every being is conditioned by certain irrevocable biological and allied laws; and the deliberate violation of these laws inevitably brings forth injurious reactions.

Modern man has forgotten this patent fact of life and universal truth; he is supremely conscious of his rights. He claims exclusive right to live and enjoy, to think and work, to express himself physically and intellectually without the slightest hesitation or inhibition. He has forgotten that though in themselves the aspirations may be good they are more often than not subject to another equally important drive of human nature; that is the persistent polarity tending overwhelmingly to swing him to the extremes. And above all he has forgotten that liberty should be counterbalanced by reservation, privileges by responsibilities, enjoyment by restraint, selfishness by self-sacrifice. In other words, the modern trends are based on excessiveness and superlatives; so the life-giving rhythm of rest and movement, expenditure and renovation is lost. In the spectacular drama of today's life man has overplayed his pivotal part. His maximum capacity for polarity and

change and to adapt himself to a rapidly oscillating pattern of living is strictly limited. Hence if he overacts, overenjoys, overworks, overlives and overchanges himself perpetually, the most harmful reactions are bound to follow and this has actually taken place to the great disadvantage of man.

However, it is pertinent and important to remember that though the human nature is physically limited it is spiritually unlimited. Man's spiritual nature seeks to roam unfettered in the region of infinity and eternal freedom, in the untrammelled domain of vision and aspiration. In this freedom lie man's true liberty and reality and the fulfillment of his destiny. Bertrand Russell writes, "In action, in desire, we must submit perpetually to the tyranny of outside forces; but in thought, in aspiration we are free . . ." But today the material basis of life has built a wall around the human existence. Man's adventure in the realm of free thought and spirit has been hindered; the novelty and mystery which make life truly romantic, exciting and eternal are crushed by the confining materialism of the day. Thus the freedom-loving soul has been hemmed in on all sides. Rightly Fulton J. Sheen says, "The modern soul has definitely limited its horizon; having negated the eternal destinies, it has lost its trust in nature . . . Man now finds that he is locked up within himself, his own prisoner." Now his every external outlet is closed by his own scepticism, and as a result he has been compelled to fall back upon himself. C. G. Jung observes, "Through his scepticism the modern man is thrown back upon himself; his energies flow towards their source, and wash to the surface those psychic contents which are at all times there, but lie hidden in the silt,

as long as the stream flows smoothly in its course." This morbid introversion is neither spiritual nor spontaneous; it has been forced on man by external complexity, claustrophobia and the pressure of modern life, and the result is not at all happy or beneficial.

The redeeming feature of human nature is an element of illogical and nonsecular urge. Surround a man with every possible comfort and luxury that a scientific civilization can bestow, but if he is not given the gift of the spirit he will surely fail to be happy or contented. How very cogent even today is the saying of Christ that man cannot live by bread alone. There are things of life, that have nothing to do with the material utility or achievement. Yet a sensitive being who is responsive to the delicate touches of the spirit naturally, spontaneously gravitates sometimes toward those things of the spirit and extra-physical entities. We cannot apparently account for the actions of a man, like Buddha, who renounces a kingdom to wander barefooted in the midst of extreme poverty and utter seclusion for spiritual illumination and for the good of man. Man since time immemorial has been responding to the inner, enigmatical call of the soul in unpredictable manners and ways that remain paradoxical even to the best brains of this age. This urge for the unknown, or this peculiar fascination for renunciation of desire and selfishness, or this unaccountable attitude that spurns name and fame, comfort and luxury, egotism and a hundred other pleasures, remains one of the profound and great conditions of human life and destiny. Yet this undying spirit makes human life superior to animality — a perpetual quest after many divine fulfillments. By being blind to this aspect of life modern man is doing the greatest harm to himself.

Another condition of human nature is the persistent dichotomy of goodness and badness that constitute the eternal paradox of existence on earth. Modern man is compelled to incarcerate himself in this world with holy and spiritual qualities on the one hand, and on the other with full-blooded passions for earthly enjoyments and desires, self-centered impulses and secular ambitions. It has been man's fortune to inherit mixed properties, good and bad, selfish and selfless, spiritual and mundane. The finite in man cries for expression and fulfillment; the infinite in man aspires for the transcendental upsurges. This conflict is the perennial companion of man and it helps to keep up the balance and pattern of the human evolution. This strife is the recurring theme of human history unfolding itself through the clashes of the opposite elements which form the basic raw materials of mankind. And there is no denying the fact that true destiny of man is the history of increasing mastery of soul over the baser urges of flesh, sacrifice over greed, universality over egotism.

Modern man's destiny is now in his own hands. The sciences today are proving beyond the shadow of doubt that the key to the solutions of the problems confronting humanity is rooted in the inner being of the human personality. It is really dangerous to block deliberately the releasing and uplifting powers of the soul and religion, the mystic realms of the unexplored regions of our existence. For this would only allow the ugly urges of bad propensities to express themselves into unfettered and chaotic display. Therefore the crying need of the hour is that the moral, ethical and spiritual forces be fully reoriented and equipped to meet the demands of this peculiar age. The beneficial forces must

now be fully put into effective operation to evolve an integral philosophy that would unite the poetry and prose of life — to use a phrase of Dr. Radhakrishnan — to unfold the true destiny of mankind. The basic harmony in all fields is the ultimate goal of human existence; for the result of imbalance has been simply appalling.

The human nature superficially or instinctively is more or less susceptible to the outer conditions and charms of life. Generally a man is inclined toward creature comforts and physical well-being. A. Huxley observes that the modernity has an inherent tendency to affect the expression of vitality by externalizing it in the form of vehement actions. Only through thorough training and exercise of body and mind and the cultivation of spirit can a man become aware of his higher destiny, the value of his precious manhood. It is easy for a man to inure himself to the private life of the senses and worldly enjoyments; it is hard for a man to embrace the life of dispassion and universal love, of unifying spirituality and noble morality. Yet the destiny of modern man definitely involves the fulfillment and perfection of these qualities that alone can solve the recurring problems of the world's ills, man's misery and the victory of evil. Bertrand Russell says, "To abandon the struggle for private happiness, to expel all eagerness of temporary desire, to burn with passion for eternal things — this is emancipation and this is free man's worship." And may I add that this is also modern man's religion and destiny!

If you would know God be not therefore a solver of riddles; rather look about you and you shall see Him.

—Kahil Gibran

A GREAT ARTIST

by Astrid Setterwall Angstrom

One single great man may lift others out of their environment, may open their eyes to a wider vision and thereby impart to them a deep happiness.

—Carl Milles

The sculptor Carl Milles was born in Sweden on the 24th of June, 1875. His mother died in his early childhood. His constant yearning for her made him seek the lonely roads already as a small boy. The father awakened in him an interest for the wonders of nature which lasted all his life and made him study life in all its forms.

He ran away from school. His nature was too dynamic to be forced into set forms. Then he was put into apprenticeship with a carpenter where he learned the craft and acquired the skill of the hand which later enabled him to give expression to his visions without being prevented by technical difficulties.

Across the street from the workshop lived a sculptor whom he admired. One winter evening when the footmarks of this old artist were visible in the snow the young apprentice stepped into them praying God to help him to become as good a sculptor.

Later on he received a modest scholarship from a school of arts and crafts. The father, who was an officer, wanted to send his dreamer of a son to South America where he believed the tough work would make him a man. A ticket for this journey was waiting for him in Marseilles. Carl Milles went as far as Paris. There he remained for eight years. He never fetched the ticket. He never wrote home or asked for any economic help.

From then on he took his life in his own hands to follow his calling.

The Paris he arrived at in the early nineties was the Paris of the impressionists, of Puvis de Chevannes, Renoir, Gauguin and above all Auguste Rodin. The young art-starved Swede found that here he wanted to stay, here he belonged.

The tiny sum of the scholarship did not reach far and he was in need. To keep alive he worked sometimes as a waiter and at other times with an undertaker where he carved the ornaments on the coffins in which he was allowed to sleep. Under such circumstance it is amazing how it was possible for him to do his own work for which his soul yearned. He studied anatomy by himself on the animals in Jardin des Plantes. Even then he considered the anatomy, the structure of form, to be essential for an artist. He found time to draw after the nude. But he sought no teacher. At night he worked in his drafty attic studio that had a window in its low ceiling through which his head reached as he stood on the floor. From there he watched the stars many a night. Astronomy was always a living interest in his life.

After two years his works began to draw attention. The great sculptor of that time, Auguste Rodin, asked him to work with him in his studio at Meudon, which he did. Thus a fast friendship was established. Carl Milles always admired the old master although his own sculptural form later on became entirely different.

The first time his name drew attention in his homeland was in 1902 when he sent some sketches to a competition for a big monument. They started a violent discussion — as his works always did throughout his life.

He found his wife in Paris — the Austrian portrait

painter, Olga Granner, whose intense love for art and whose clear judgment have been of great significance to Carl Milles in his work.

The years of deprivation and severe work in Paris had undermined Milles' health. He had to spend his convalescence in a mild climate. While they stayed in north Italy and Austria his young wife supported them both with her work. They returned to Sweden in 1906. Then he bought a cliff on the island of Lidingo outside Stockholm and started to build his home, Millesgarden, which now is known the world over for its unique beauty, its collections of antiques and its display of the sculptor's own works. The beginning was humble. The original house contains only one big and one small studio, a library and a couple of rooms. The works he created needed space and one terrace after the other was cut out of the rock as a necessity.

Here the artist and his wife lived until 1931 when they moved to Cranbrook in Michigan. A new period began in Carl Milles' eventful life during which he created great fountains as well as other monumental works.

His summers were spent at Millesgarden which he had dedicated to the Swedish people. It was expanded and beautified according to his "dream of beauty," and he planned and led the work in every detail.

The longer he lived the bolder his visions became, the simpler and stronger his form. The last winters of his life were spent in Rome in the studio that was given to him in Academia Americana. His days were filled with creative work until the 19th of September 1955 when he passed.

Those who were present when the blasting of the

rock at Lidingo commenced tell how the artist dreamt and planned. Here, he would point out, a terrace would be cut out; there columns would be raised against the sky and fountains would throw cascades of water. They smiled and thought thus speaks a dreamer! The rock has yielded to his will and his "dream of beauty" has been realized throughout the years. Millesgarden is now a place where thousands of people can bathe their souls in beauty — as its creator wished.

Every time I entered the wrought-iron gate that bore these appealing words, "Let me work while the day is still burning!" I felt that I was brought into a world of endeavor and dedication. The mighty vision of the artist gave an intensity of life to the whole place. How much the two who worked there, Carl and Olga Milles, have influenced each other is not possible to know. Though their two existences were braided together in the same severe discipline for the sake of art, each one definitely followed his individual road.

There is nothing broken or disharmonious to be found in Carl Milles' art. He was true to himself. He was a seer; and he opened the door to his realm. Those who stepped inside had to experience much about God and the stars, about men and animals, granite and bronze, words that lived, abundant humor and refined feelings. There were many who remained outside. Hard storms of criticism blew around every work of his. He had to fight his way through. He had many disappointments and difficulties, but he possessed the power to rise above them and never to let them affect his work.

When his often recurring illness kept him in bed he studied and read; and he turned such periods into opportunities of rest and of tuning himself to fulfill

great tasks. He mentioned this in a letter: "Think of all the years I worked as a waiter, as a farm-hand, as everything under the sun. I have learned that the more I am pulled *away* from my work the more I *yearn* for it. Think of my long periods of tuberculosis! The yearning for artistic work makes you work more intensely. *Every second is a monument of thought.* In that way your work becomes better than if you had plenty of time and silver in the bank."

When the Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore arrived in Stockholm to receive his Nobel prize he visited Millesgarden with a definite purpose in mind. Tall and slender he entered the stone-paved garden with its playing fountains. His white curls flowed around his bronze colored face. Carl Milles received him, short and broad and Nordic in appearance with regular features and radiant blue eyes. Two of the greatest artists of their time met that day in deep understanding in a setting of Northern pines and birches.

As the sculptor at that time knew very little English he asked me, "Tell him that I lived in a town, a grey desert of stone without color, and that my heart was sick with yearning for trees and flowers. Now I have built my home on the rock itself."

The poet asked me, "Tell him that this that he has shaped according to his will and made it yield flowers is the Essential."

On his voyage through Europe Tagore invited artists and scientists to his university at Santiniketan which would be built with the money of his Nobel prize. Such an invitation was given to Milles that day.

Milles was chiefly a creator of fountains. As the tree stylized in sculpture became the column, so the

life-giving source flowing through forests or mountains became the fountain. In the old towns the fountain has a vital significance. Women fetch water there to supply their household needs; the passing wanderer quenches his thirst; horses drink there and people gather around its rippling waters to exchange the news of the day, to meet and enjoy sitting with friends. It was only natural that Milles answered the question put to him by an Indian monk how he became a sculptor of fountains, in this way: "I have been told that when I lay at my mother's breast I modelled it with my hands. It was my first fountain."

Milles loved creation in all its variety. Musingly he would hold a leaf in his hand admiring its structure in the same way as he would admire the whole tree or the human body, feeling its perfection and the oneness of all life. Many of his early fountains give expression to an exuberant joy of life. His themes were often legends of Greek or Northern origin, as for instance "The Fountain of the Meeting Waters at St. Louis" where nymphs and tritons tumble around in intoxicated wantonness.

The sun shone through the open windows in the music room at Millesgarden. The gold on the wooden Renaissance Madonnas glittered. On the table was a bowl with fragrant roses.

The artist still remained by the window when the people began to stream in. From the lake below, a flute was heard. He began to talk — at first as if to himself. But when those who were in the room had become quiet he turned to them and began to speak about what music and art mean in everyday life: Not everyone can be an artist. But each one can in some way create

beauty around himself and understand the significance of being surrounded by that which is beautiful. Everyone can reach so far as to conceive art as a necessity for life — not a luxury. Children should grow up surrounded by art. Adults should live among works of art. All, all ought to partake of beauty. (This was the reason why Milles gave his home to the people.) Art is a way of experiencing life — a royal road to the realization of what life is. It is the means of expression of visions and ideas.

Because he said this in such a simple way that it seemed to be just so, it penetrated. People liked to listen to Carl Milles' low quiet voice.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

ANANDA ASHRAMA, LA CRESCENTA, CALIFORNIA

The Winter's activities in California continued under the best of weather conditions. First came the Christmas Eve Service with its focus on the worship of Mother and Child. Then followed the New Year's Eve Watch Service at midnight, solemn, tranquil and charged with resolute spirit. The birthday celebration of the Holy Mother, introduced the Eastern element: on December 29th, her large picture was placed on the main altar and for four succeeding days offerings of devotion were continuously laid at her feet.

After conducting the first Sunday Service of 1959, Srimati Gayatri Devi left for Boston. Darrell Miya gave his best in her absence attracting large attndances. His outstanding address was on Swami Vivekananda, delivered on Sunday, February 1st, in honor of the birthday of this great soul.

Gayatri Devi returned after an absence of a month, resuming full charge of all Services. Swami Paramananda's birthday was celebrated on Sunday, February 15th. Gayatri Devi spoke on *Who Is A Saint?*, relating many personal incidents of the Swami's life. A Hindu dinner was served to nearly seventy persons in the spacious quarters of the guest house. An informal program of Hindu music, folk songs of many lands and spontaneous tributes to the Swami filled the afternoon with mirth and gratitude.

VEDANTA CENTRE, COHASSET AND BOSTON, MASS.

The Sunday Services and the weekly Class have been carried on by Srimati Snehalata Devi and Swami Parampanthi alternately. Srimati Gayatri Devi's return on January 8th brought new life to all the activities.

Saturday, January 24th, was chosen for the consecration of the ground for the new temple. It was a unique experience for the group which participated in the service. An altar was built with sand and fagots, and one-hundred-eight green leaves were gathered for *homa*, or the ancient Vedic ceremony in which fire represents Deity. The temperature was only sixteen degrees. For nearly an hour all stood prayerfully while Srimati Gayatri Devi performed the ritual with the aid of Snehalata Devi. In the end all joined by making oblation into the fire.

The joint birthday celebration for Swamis Vivekananda and Paramananda was an occasion of joy and festivity. The special Service in their honor was held in Boston on Sunday, February 1st. Immediately afterward the congregation drove to Cohasset Ashrama to partake of the Hindu dinner and remained through the afternoon enjoying Hindu music and listening to the spontaneous tributes paid by various members.